

and cookies, before putting the chickens in to roast. In the meantime her grandfather returned with the fowl, picked and cleaned all ready for the dressing. In a comparatively short time, Stella had everything in order. Early in the afternoon she was for the first time in her life really tired. Her grandfather urged her to rest a while. All through the forenoon the snow fell in crisp white flakes, but the wind had changed, and a low drift prevailed, filling every track and crevice, and whirled about the doors and windows.

Going to her bed, Stella slept for over an hour. Getting up refreshed, and more cheerful than ever, and donning her best dress of blue homespun cloth, over which she pinned a pink and white pinafore, she fluttered around arranging the table for supper. Her grandfather in his corner was finishing a couple of small manikins. Everything in readiness, Stella passed the time watching him and carefully brushing the tiny chips and dust into the open fireplace. Several little bundles of long narrow strips or chips, hung above the chimney served as matches (which were not then thought of).

On the white covered table, which was nicely decorated with bunches of evergreens, dotted with freshly picked holly, two stout yellow candles, unlighted, stood in their carved wooden holders. A smaller one, lighted, stood on the kitchen window-sill

It was not until about nine o'clock that night that Stella's spirit began to lag. Her grandfather, in his corner, had finished the last manikin, and she had brushed the last speck of dust into the fire; nor a word was